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THE FEAR OF DEATH.

The idea of death, decay, or change, though so continually presented before us, is of all others the least familiar to our minds. The leaves blighted by the first frost whisper it in our ears as they fall rustling by. The fading of the evening cloud and the passing of the morning dew spread it before our eyes. Pain and trouble, sorrow and care, Death's forerunners and ministers are incessantly trying to stamp the fleeting impression. The passing breath, the cold form, the narrow coffin, the sad train of woe, the mournfully tolling bell, whose solemn vibrations caught up from place to place, never cease around the whole earth, and the heart-crushing sounds of the clods of the valley as they ring upon a friend's last resting-place, tell in tones eloquent as the simple sublimity of Holy Writ, "man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble: he cometh forth as a flower and is cut down: he fleeth as a shadow and continueth not." And the idea is yet unreceived. The mad throng of life rushes on with shout and laughter unchecked and unrestrained. Around the grave of one whom Death's relentless hand has stricken down at their side they may gather in sorrow and perchance, drop a tear on its newly raised mound—but ere corruption has scarce touched the corpse or the worm claimed its own, the mournful notes are changed to merry songs,—the measured and solemn tread of the funeral procession is

broken by the whirling of the dance—tears give place to smiles and all is forgotten.

In that intense and but half-defined Fear of Death, which is universal as the mind, may be found a reason for this seeming inconsistency. Glorifying in his fair proportions and sinewy strength and towering in his might of mind, man shrinks back appalled at the blast of that breath which can bow his stately form and resolve his beauty to the dust whence it was moulded—which can bend his stubborn will, and subdue the mind that owned no earthly master. He hates with a deep and bitter hatred, the last enemy before whom he knows he must fall, and he comes to the forced and unequal contest with a faltering step and an unnerved heart. Death is ever terrible, “the tear, the knell, the pall, the bier and all we know or feel or hear of agony” centres in that single word and depends upon that fearful thought.

This involuntary terror at the coming of Death, is not however to be ascribed alone to man’s utter incapacity to avoid its attacks, nor to his complete helplessness beneath its conquering hand. There is in the severing of the incomprehensible union between his physical and spiritual nature—in the rendering back of “dust unto dust and ashes unto ashes”—in the unmanacled the soul of the earthly bonds which have fettered down its otherwise lofty soarings and bidding it forth upon a future unknown and untried—a vagueness and a mystery, which baffling penetration, arouses fear. In most minds indeed this fear seems occasioned more by the outward insignia of Death’s power. It is the gathering of the shroud over their breast, the wrapping of the dark pall around their cold bodies, the narrowness of their last resting place—that strikes a chill of terror to their hearts. But to some minds who would despise these fears—to all minds at times, there is a power in a glance over the dark and sullen waves of the shoreless ocean that lies beyond their pathway—in the imagined gathering of its beaded spray thick upon the forehead—in the expected wandering forth upon its unknown waters—that brings them, cowed and trembling, to acknowledge their inferiority and their terror.

Such is the universal shrinking from Death exhibited even among those whom a divine revelation has taught the existence of a Future State—how much greater must be its power among those who have never been thus favored. Analogous physical changes, aided by tradition, have indeed given to pagan nations such a vague and general idea of the probability or the possibility of a Future, as has woven itself into every mythology. From this one idea have arisen the gorgeous palaces and houri-peopled gardens of the followers of the Prophet of Mecca, the Elysian fields of the Greeks and Romans, the Valhalla of the Northmen, the hunting-ground of the Indian, and all the sensuous images of the future which are able to speak with power to man's depraved nature. But with all the splendor and beauty that an untrammelled imagination could throw around these conceptions, their attractions have never been powerful enough to satisfy the cravings of the soul, or to allay and conquer this fear of Death.

The sages of antiquity boasted that they had proved the immortality of the soul and yet when it came to their turn to enter into the last conflict, they too shrank from the giant form of the skeleton warrior, and trembled as he folded them in his icy arms. They were as ignorant of their origin as of their destiny. They had traced back the stream of Life in its countless meanderings, to the first gushings of its waters, but they knew not who had called its glad leapings forth from the reign of Chaos. They had travelled back a long and toilsome way, strewn with the graves of former generations, to him, who first of human kind walked the earth, and beyond this, there stretched a void and empty space whence their imagination, however strong might be its wing and far reaching its flight, came panting and weary back unable to find a resting place; and which they dared not fill with the Almighty, the Infinite, and the Eternal. They turned the glare of reason's lamp forth upon the dark abyss, before, behind and around about them, but its feeble rays penetrated not its mysteries nor pierced the veil that their finite conceptions had drawn over its secrets. And they too went forth, doubting, fearing and trembling, on that journey which can never be retraced "towards a land of darkness and the shadow of death—a

land of darkness as darkness itself—where the very light is as darkness."

The fear of Death may be and often is overcome by the violence of some stronger passion: or an indomitable will and high courage may so check its operations that though felt with a violence that staggers the soul, they can be seen no further than the paling cheek and quivering lip may serve as indices of their presence. In the mad excitement of the battle-field men rush to the certain embrace of Death without a thought. The same violence of passion nerves the heart of the forlorn-hope, as they march with a firm step towards the serried points of the abattis, or plant their scaling ladders against some frowning battlement. And the very same intensity of excitement allows the duellist to bare his breast to the shot of his adversary.

There are times too when remorse and despair, like the fabled Furies of mythology have so seized upon some poor soul, poisoning each cup of happiness ere it reaches his lips, and withering each budding joy ere it spreads into the perfect flower, that life becomes a burden too grievous to be borne, and Death in shaking off the mighty weight would be a relief—times when—"Death

Opens her sweet white arms and whispers—peace!
Come say thy sorrows in this bosom! This
Will never close against thee: and my heart
Though cold cannot be colder much than man's,"

until worn out by care, haunted by apprehension for the future, it poises itself over the abyss, hesitates but a moment, then launches forth and seals its destiny forever. In these instances the fear of Death is active yet, but concealed or overcome by some stronger passion.

But in the calm confidence of the Christian's hope, there is a power before which the conqueror is conquered, and this fear not only overcome but destroyed. The veil of the Finite whether of time or space, cleaves before him and his eye of faith pierces through and beyond its rending folds. Glories almost too great for mortal conception—too beautiful for mortal belief, burst upon his view. Faint, dim and afar off may seem these scenes to his eye, dazzled by the blaze of that light which is "inaccessible and full of glory," but their reality is unquestion-

able. He knows that there is a resting place in the unexplored future which reason could never have discovered nor imagination suggested. Believing that "this mortal shall put on immortality and this corruption, incorruption"—he goes down into the dark valley and unshrinkingly steps into the chill waters of the "last ford" while the light that has shone on his pathway of life only at intervals and by fitful gleams is brightening and breaking out into "perfect day." Calmly as for his nightly sleep he lies down to the sleep of Death trusting in the unfailing promise of him that said "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Would any one ask for instances of Christian Faith triumphing over this universal dread of Death? Let him go and stand by many a blazing pile of faggots that lighted up the darkness of the reign of superstition, and let him watch there till the surging wind sweeps aside for a moment the roaring flames, and let him read in the face of that martyr, upturned towards heaven and smiling calmly in the midst of the intense and fiery trial, the power of a Christian's belief. Or let him go to the sea-shore of Scotland, and mark where tied to a stake in the sand, stands one of the fairest and most delicate of her daughters, the height and depth of whose previous grief has perchance been the confession of some childish fault softly whispered in a mother's bosom or a father's willing ear—the extremity of whose previous anguish, occasioned by the death of some petted favorite, but who now, frail and weak, helpless and harmless as she is, must suffer a lingering and terrific death for her religion's sake. Let him watch her unchanging smile as the swells of the approaching tide creep up around her polished limbs, mounting higher and higher till they beat against her snow-white breast: let him mark her lips, moving in a prayer which but just precedes her spirit to the throne of God, until the last wave closes them, leaden-hued and fixed in Death and her "golden hair disappears like a star sinkin' in the sea;" and let him learn there too the power of Faith. Let him descend into the torture-chambers of the Inquisition and stand by the rack and wheel, and see that tho' the intensity of the suffering may wring forth many a deep-drawn groan, yet the eye of faith is fixed quailing not before angry frowns

and terrible threats of relentless persecutors. Or let him go watch by many a death-bed, whether by a straw pallet in the lowly abode of some poor but earnest follower of Christ, or by the tapestried couch of him, who though rich in the comforts and luxuries that are now slipping from his grasp, is richer far in that Faith which grasps a nobler wealth. Let him mark the last wrestling with agony so terrible that reason totters on its throne : and let him see when the soul-bark is loosing from its moorings to the shore of Life and drifting off into the great unknown sea, when the glorious visions of that beautiful shore are fading in the mists of Death, that Faith springs to the abandoned helm and steers boldly forth towards the light which its eye, and its eye only can see issuing from the opening gates of Heaven. He cannot fail to see in a principle capable of overcoming a passion of our nature so deeply rooted and seemingly unconquerable, something of diviner origin than the hypocrisy of cant or the ravings of fanaticism.

WILLIAM PENN.

The man who would win enduring admiration of the world, independent of high talent, must exhibit one other merit ; a strife for an end, divested of all selfish considerations. And he who would win the heart of humanity, who would fulfil the mission and deserve the name of a philanthropist, must make a still greater sacrifice. He must apply to the pride of his nature the circumscissal knife, and recognise in the most loathsomely degraded of the sons of men, the common dignity of the race—the birthright of equality. By such an acknowledgement only, will he be moved to deeds commensurate with the character of his undertaking ; the bringing his fellow-men out of the bondage of despotism and vice.

It is a relief to turn from the deep game of state policy, and even from noble and disinterested struggles in defence of cherished institutions, and to contemplate a life spent in warfare for

the rights and happiness of mankind. Such a life was William Penn's. In the dark storm of religious persecution which poured its wrath upon England, in the days succeeding the ruined dynasty of the Commonwealth; when morality was driven from the light, and justice fled the courts—when vice was the passport to honorable distinction, and virtue languished in loathsome dungeons, eat the bread of banishment or winged her flight from the scaffold; here and there in the universal deluge stood a few unshaken pillars—men who opposed to the despotism of a corrupt government, and the rage of a bigoted multitude, their rank, their name, their lives. Not least among these was William Penn. The part which he acted was no less surprising than noble. Born to affluence and nobility, an heir to the peerage and to regal favor, he abandoned all to become one of a sect persecuted by government, wantonly abused by the populace, on which Presbyterian and Papist, Independent and Prelatist, rolled a conspired tempest of rage and derision. He went out from his father's house, laden with the curse of exile, to become an apostle of the religion of the despised Quakers. No wonder, his friends deemed him possessed of a mad fanaticism. But, a noble philosophy regulated his course. Not trusting to the wild enthusiasm of his age and sect, Penn subjected his new religion to the test of matured judgment. He found in it a doctrine, an idea which impressed his heart with the power of truth. It was a doctrine simple as its humble propounders. In the heart of every man was a "living light," a "still small voice," sufficient to guide him in the path of virtue. It was the "voice of God"—"the revelation in man," therefore it merited supreme obedience. It was confined to no sect, to no age, to no country. It was wide spread as the haunts of man, old as humanity itself. It recognised no authority in Papal bulls, in government mandates, in the decrees of a synod or the opinions of a school. Hence ever denied an entrance into schools and universities, expelled from the circles of the learned, it had sought a refuge in the simple and unclouded minds of the common people. Until, indeed, in later days, philosophers lost on the one hand in the wilderness of Idealism, and on the other despairing in

the baseness of Materialism, have hailed the doctrine of conscience as their only salvation.

In the days of Penn this doctrine was revived and preached by the vulgar. Its great apostle was an unlettered cobbler. But the great Jehovah first breathed the life of humanity in a manger. His bosom friends while on earth, and his ambassadors to the world after his ascension were shepherds and fishermen. Herein Penn saw the proclamation of the Creator, that the dignity of man was in his common nature and could neither be circumscribed nor enlarged by distinctions of rank. He beheld in the doctrine of the "inner light" the deliverance of man from the yoke of civil despotism, and his redemption from the yet more galling yoke of religious bigotry. The doctrine obviously claimed universal toleration in religion, which in that day involved every other right, as a due of justice rather than a dispensation of forbearance. For conscience sake his countrymen were festering in dungeons, bleeding at whipping-posts and on the scaffold. There was work for Penn, and he shrank not from it. He hastened to the court and with bold zeal plead for the rights of conscience. But his voice grated harshly upon the ears of noble lords and bishops. His zeal procured him a vault in the dungeons of the tower. Yet his faith was moved not by the terrors of imprisonment, and whether free or chained, he ceased not to proclaim the doctrine of his heart; the perfect equality of men, and the supreme authority of conscience. Arrested for preaching doctrines so destructive to the quiet despotism of the church and crown, he plead in defence the fundamental laws of England. These had long lain deep buried beneath a huge mountain of unjust verdicts and lawless decrees of a venal judiciary. By their sudden revival Penn achieved a victory—a victory not only for himself, but for Englishmen. But his joy was short-lived. In an election royal fraud defeated the expressed will of the people. The hopes of freedom were crushed. Bigotry resumed her fearful reign. Again the scaffold became a fountain of streams swollen with the blood of virtue. Penn despaired of England, but he despaired not of his principles. These he derived from the teachings of God, and he believed them eternal as truth.

In the days of his boyhood, when his conscience first bade him disregard the mandates of his superiors at Oxford, a vision resplendent with glory, cast a momentary light upon his soul. He saw a great nation where there was no oppression, no persecution, no streams of blood nor horrid dungeons, but where universal happiness was watered by rivers of peace and love, where the government was an harmonious subjection of state authority to the supremacy of individual conscience. The dark realities around him soon obscured the vision, yet it never entirely abandoned him, and now in the gloomiest hour of his life it occurred to him with all the power of reality. He would found a colony in the wilds of America, which should accomplish his hopes, and realize his vision. The king granted him a charter, and he prepared to enter upon his "holy experiment." But in his promised land the wild and vindictive Indian now roved. To him the presence of the white man had ever been an awful presage, the messenger of woe and death. In every southern breeze, in every northern blast, the spirit of desolation hurled fearful tales of the ruin of some fallen tribe, the victim of the white man's rapacity. Would the savage then welcome the destroyer, trusting to his promises of peace and justice? Or must Penn, too, seek with fire and sword a domain for his empire of love and freedom? No; these were to him unlawful weapons. In the native virtue of the wild savage, his principles bade him confide. Vindictive though he was, his mind was yet unpoisoned by the vices of civilization, and in his unbigoted heart, Penn believed the voice of conscience would find a willing auditor. That voice he would address, and with love would he soften the barbarous heart. With one hundred persons he embarked, and after a voyage rendered fearful by disease and death, with the rapture of fugitives finding a home, they entered the wilderness of the savage. Here relying for the recognition of those rights denied them in a civilized kingdom, upon the spontaneous justice of the untutored Indian, they thought to found a "free colony for all mankind." Unarmed, save in the power of love and the consciousness of right, they went to meet the assembled warriors of the "Lenni Lenape." Penn extended the hand of fellowship

to them, claiming with his companions, to be children of the same "Great Spirit" with themselves, who willed that they should live together in love. The heart of the savage was touched—the "voice within" was reached, and he exclaimed with the fervid eloquence of sincerity, "we will live in peace with Onas and his sons, as long as the sun and moon shall endure." Penn's heart was filled with the joy of victory. He beheld a vindication of the doctrine of the "inner light," in an involuntary exhibition of the principles of the human mind.

* This simple treaty concluded, the colonists met in assembly and adopted the constitution prepared by Penn. Its essential principles were universal freedom in religion, and the responsibility of the whole people for the administration of the government. The fundamental doctrine from which it derived these principles was the supreme authority of individual conscience, and the consequent perfect equality of men. A doctrine which the Pilgrims of New England and the colonists of the south, embraced not till years after, when by a gradual emancipation, they were delivered from the mental bondage of the age. It was the foundation of Penn's hopes, the moving spring of a life of noble efforts, the sustaining prop of years of heavy oppression.

TWILIGHT BELL.

That sad, sweet twilight bell
How mournfully its chime
Floats on the balmy air
This quiet even-time;
Like a familiar voice
Comes from the dreamy past
Whispering of pleasures fled
And joys too bright to last.

To the lone mourner's ear
The music of that swell,
Comes like the solemn dirge

Of a long sad farewell;
And bitter memories wake
Touched by its mournful song,
Deep in the spirit's cell
Where they have slumbered long.

Upon the young bride's ear
Falls the same thrilling peal
And brightly to her cheek
The rose-like blushes steal.
To her its calm, sweet voice
Whispers of joy and love,
Hope's sunbeam lights her path
And gilds her sky above.

The rosy laughing child
Hushes his careless play,
As those sweet solemn sounds
Float on the air away;
And casts a wondering glance
Up through the evening air,
Thinking that angel-harps
Unseen are breathing there.

To all, that mournful tone
A chastened sadness brings,
And over every heart
A holy influence flings.
About the soul there comes
A sweet, a hallowed spell
While listening to thy voice
Thou solemn twilight bell.

POWER.

Among the principles by which man's ceaseless activity is called forth, none perhaps needs to be kept more strictly under the control of reason and conscience, than his love of power. Wherever there are rational creatures—creatures capable of volition and formed for action, we may expect to find this

affection in existence. Such creatures will always desire to have the means of accomplishing their purposes, and carrying out the determinations of the will. In other words they will desire power. How pleased is the infant when it finds itself possessed of animal energies which it can exercise at its pleasure—and the boy when he learns that he can run faster and leap further, than he supposed. Give him his choice, and he would prefer having the strength of Samson to the wisdom of Solomon. And go where you will among men, you will find them prize the capacity of doing anything, according to the value they set on that which it enables them to do. This disposition in itself cannot be wrong; where the end we aim at is right, it cannot be improper to desire and seek the means to effect it, if we do so without infringing on the rights and welfare of others. Every kind of physical strength is not to be despised. By man in a savage state it is deemed an invaluable possession, because it is the chief thing on which he depends for attaining what he desires.

Intellectual power should be deemed far more valuable by civilized man—the power of inventive genius—a capacity to fix one's attention on a subject, to pursue long and connected trains of thought, and to make extensive researches in the various fields of knowledge. How important to man likewise are the advantages that accrue from the power he gains over external nature, making the earth around him smile in beauty, and teem with plenty, founding his cities where late forests waved, opening for himself a highway across the trackless deep, bringing into vassalage the most potent elements of nature, *fire, water, the winds, and the lightning of heaven*. A still higher order of power is that which one man may exert over the minds and conduct of others, by the force of truth and persuasion—waking up their intellects to healthful action, enlarging and elevating their views, giving them a new consciousness of mental power, and enkindling in their bosoms a love of truth and virtue. Such high power far transcends in nobleness and sublimity any mastery man can gain over the world of matter. The improvement of man's outward condition is a thing of inferior moment, compared with his advancement as an intelligent and moral

being. To contribute to the latter, reason tells us, is an honor and a privilege indeed. He whose soul is enlightened by truth and animated by goodness, however limited his sphere of action, may often have a measure of this honor. Scarce anything gives a more cheering view of human nature, than those cases in which this power has been exerted on an extensive scene; when men have risen up who, by their labors, have imparted an intellectual and moral elevation to thousands in their own and after ages. Such high distinction belongs to him who by his studies furthers the progress of his race in knowledge, lays down for us, like Bacon, rules to guide us in exploring the world of matter and of mind, discovers for us like Newton, the laws of nature, and classifies her phenomena. The man who gives a new impulse to intellect, imparts to us his own large and liberal views, and helps us feel that continued advancement in knowledge is part of our high vocation. Such honor belongs to the orator, who in the hall of justice or in the senate chamber, lifts up his voice in defending the cause of injured innocence, against the villain and the oppressor—exposes the hideousness of vice—strips off from hypocrisy its dark disguises, and makes even the wicked feel how awful goodness is. Such a benignant exercise of power is put forth by the statesman, whose gifted mind discovers the true sources of a nation's prosperity, whose wise counsels help to increase her resources, to call forth and properly direct her enterprises, who gives stability to free institutions, increases the sum of general intelligence and happiness among men, and thus helps to make his country a blessing to other lands and after ages. Such high honor emphatically belongs to the philanthropist, who with zeal guided by knowledge, devises and sets in operation plans to alleviate human wretchedness, to free man from the shackles of ignorance, prejudice, and vice.

Such are some of the modifications of that power over others, which may be legitimately sought after, and which an ingenuous mind will feel it an honor to exert.

But among the multitude whose ruling passion has been the lust of power, how different has been the course pursued in their efforts to control the conduct of their followers. They have sought

to subject others to their wishes for sinister and selfish ends. Such power the demagogue tries to wield, practising on the ignorance and prejudices of the multitude, inflaming their worst passions only to make them his humble tools in carrying out his base designs. Such is the power of a wicked ruler over a down-trodden people, trampling on their rights, bending their necks to his arbitrary will, and sacrificing their dearest interests to his passion and his pride. To establish such a dominion for themselves over extensive masses of their fellow men has been the prime object, for which conquerors in every age, have filled the world with carnage and wailing, desolation and woe.

From such methods of controlling men, by coercing their wills, and fastening on them the chains of a degrading bondage, a mind of generous sensibility turns away with disgust. They are founded in downright injustice; they inflict an outrage on mankind, which should subject its perpetrators to the execration of their race.

Power then to be legitimate must be founded in right, and to be worthy the ambition of a mind that respects itself, it must seek to benefit mankind, to increase their knowledge, happiness and virtue.

THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

The division of labor is one of the earliest institutions of human society. Before the earth was peopled, man had need of the productions of art, and knew of the conveniences and comforts of life, which since have more than all other causes tended to the developement of his inventive and mechanical powers, we find that each one's time and attention were occupied in a manner exclusively by a particular branch of industry. Abel was keeper of sheep; Cain, a tiller of the ground. This has ever been so since. It affords to each one the greatest amount of good for the least expense. It has a powerful tendency to develop the social principle, implanted in man's bosom. The great dwelling of the human family is divided into many apart-

ments. In one are the splendour of wealth and insignia of power, another contains the hard earned bread of penury ; here we see glittering merchandise with her treacherous accompaniments ; there, the tools of the husbandman with his noble produce ; the muses too have their classic part, of this great mansion, for their shrine and laurels. Each one must choose according to his powers and wants, enter and abide.

Viewed in whatever light, this choice of a profession forms one of those periods, in a person's life, upon which hang interests of the most momentous importance. For in each one's history such questions occur upon whose decision, though apparently of a trifling character at the time, may depend all that is dear, all that is sacred. Every man in prosecuting his journey through the wilderness of life, will come to cross-ways and winding paths, where he will be perplexed which way to take. A trifling occurrence, the passing by of a fellow traveller, may influence, may determine his choice, yet this choice may lead him in a path, that will forever, if not abandoned, prevent him from reaching his destined place. These are critical periods, and among them is the choice of a profession. For whom, that would not bring to bear upon this one point, all the knowledge and wisdom, that study and research can furnish, that would not to the utmost employ every means within his power, to render this choice a prudent choice, this decision a wise decision ; could be made out an acquittal from the charge of acting madly, and committing treason against himself. What is one to do ? It is easily seen that the method of reasoning employed in ordinary cases, is here inapplicable, or at best applicable only to a limited extent. The means adopted on other occasion, to insure success, are here comparatively ineffectual. The guides that lead men at other times in safety, here become fallible. The pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire commingle and vanish. Self-experience has not yet been obtained, the experience of others does not reach the case. The counsel of friends can not be trusted, they know not the secret springs, the longing, and the adaptation of another's mind. As this period naturally comes in early life, self-knowledge is not reliable, and must be greatly influenced by youthful impetuosity and shortsightedness.

It is evident that natural qualifications should have the first place and the greatest weight in determining what means shall be adopted, and what course pursued throughout life, in order most fully to realize the ultimate end of our existence. If these are the immediate endowments of God, they may be taken as the sure evidences of his purpose. Wherever, therefore, we find a strong natural bent, and adaptation of mind for a particular profession or occupation, provided it be honorable, it is foolish, and must ever be to the injury of the person concerned, to repress nature and counteract her will. It is more difficult to sail against the current, than with it. It is not only more difficult to to advance, but it is also impossible to sail with equal speed. He, therefore, that endeavours to oppose the powerful tide of nature, must waste a great deal of energy in overcoming what under more favourable circumstances, would have greatly aided and facilitated his progress. Mozart was an envied composer at five. Burnet forgot his dinner of a Sunday, while reading the bible in his father's barn. Watts satirized in verse the stick, with which he was beat, for writing verse. In such marked instances as these, nature cannot be overruled—her aim is fixed, her purpose unalterable. In spite of the opposition of ignorance, and the malicious slander of envy or prejudice, Genius cannot be overcome. In the end like the gold of Ophir, it will dazzle the more, for having passed through the fiery ordeal. It is a matter of no frequent occurrence, however, to find persons, upon whom is so unmistakably stamped the design of their Maker. Often the imprudent measures adopted for the education of youth, weaken their original powers, and blunt the intellect. Incalculable mischief is thus done, by counteracting and destroying the weak, but sure impulses, that manifest themselves, in the youthful mind. Even where the indications are doubtful and feeble, they should be carefully studied, and by proper cultivation and suitable stimulants sought to be strengthened. Few minds fail to exhibit them; few fail to be mutilated. If practicable, they should never be bent from their natural current. The tender plant that is once nipped by an untimely frost, seldom, perhaps never, recovers its original beauty and symmetrical outlines.

Wherever therefore, the purposes of nature can be ascertained, we should lend her assistance a fostering hand.

There is much that influences the mind in this choice independent of natural bias. Stern necessity sometimes puts on her dictatorial robe, and ascends the throne. Her unyielding demands must be satisfied. It would indeed, in many cases, be the best means of insuring a young man success to withhold from him all support. It is said of a noble American that he frequently gave it as his opinion, that the surest means to make one truly great was to throw him on his own resources. Thus may be withheld the baneful influence, that wealth is frequently allowed to exert on the youthful mind, by relaxing its exertions. It is by subjection to this rigid discipline, that some of the greatest men have been made what they are. And many others have most honorably acquitted themselves under this severe trial. Franklin was poor and with manual labor earned his food.

"Seven Grecian cities claimed a Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

Luther pinched by hunger fled from Magdeburg, and in Eisenach ate with relish the beggar's bread, which "the pious Shunamite" had given him. Notwithstanding, that there are many, whose noble spirits, poverty cannot conquer; the class is numerous of those, who are unable to withstand such cruel opposition. They yield, and in yielding are driven out of their proper element. It is a sad spectacle to behold the talents of a young man buried by the caprices of fortune, or rendered unavailable by his diffidence. The sensitiveness of Chatterton robbed the world of a great poet, in the prime of his life. In determining upon a profession we see apparent necessity frequently no less powerful in its effects, than that which is real.

The person that would select an object of pursuit must of course take into account, those qualifications which he has acquired. Though naturally fitted for a station, he may not have had opportunities of improvement, or he may have neglected them. Acquired qualifications are sometimes of no less importance, than such as are natural. One should never engage in

any thing, for which he has not good reason to believe himself well qualified. Otherwise his success must be poor, and his recompense small; his sphere of action narrow, and his influence limited.

A strong conviction of what is duty should be made the criterion by which to decide all questions of this kind. This will of course, among other circumstances depend upon the points already touched. It can be the duty of no one to fill a station for which he is unfit. If young men had always in view the faithful discharge of their duty, and the accomplishing the greatest amount of good to their fellows, when they make this choice, we should not see so many ill-made selections. But man is the creature of passion. The cold dictates of reason would have him go too straight forward. To toil up the steep and thorny hill of truth is too hard. The whispers of pride, ambition and other selfish interests, make him despise the less enticing voice of his better nature. The youth sighs after distinction and for the attainment of this, thinks every means justifiable. The gratification of hearing his name sounded from the silver trumpet of fame, fully repays the sacrifice of every principle, and generous feeling. No loss too great, no price too dear for the enjoyment of this empty and capricious sound. It seduces many from the path of rectitude and conscious duty. They desert the field where the laborers are few and the harvest plenteous, for that in which the laborers are many and the harvest poor.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

Calm Nature breathed her sweetest lay
To each reposing flower,
The silver moon had scarce begun
To impart its effulgent brightness on all the scene but most
particularly among the trees, where stood a certain bower.

Such scenes as these are meet for love
When fervent hearts unite,

What draughts celestial might we drink
Could we be seated by the side of some lovely girl when there
was no one near and the stars were shining bright.

Within that bower, in fond embrace
A youth and maid were sitting,
Whisp'ring words of lasting love
Which, on such occasions, when the moon and stars are
shining, is always very fitting.

"Sweet creature! must I from thee part?
And will they fond hearts sever?"
She raised her weeping mournful eyes
And such a look as she bestowed on that agonized youth, I
never saw before—no—never!

The stern decrees of savage Fate
Must always be obeyed,
So this unhappy loving pair,
Had to separate, for his father said things had gone on too
far already and he must go off, tho' he would have liked very much to have
staid.

He journeyed far thro' many lands,
O'er ocean, plain and valley,
And many soft bewitching eyes
Saw he—but there were none, which, in his estimation could
hold a candle to those of his dear Sally!

He travelled long in sunny climes
And regions drear and cold,
And oft when musing lone he sat
He would have to acknowledge that when the old man made
him leave home and Sally &c., he was very considerably sold.

The maiden wept with doleful mien
To part was not her will;
So long the pebbly beach she'd rove
And stretching out her neck, and throwing up her hands in
the worst kind of a way—she'd scream—"my dearest, dearest Bill"!!

Was absence e'er so keenly felt,
Or hearts so sadly torn,
Now tell me, youthful reader, say
If all these heart-rending things should have befallen you
and your girl—wouldn't you too have felt forlorn?

Nine long and lonesome years pass by
The youth is one and twenty
With firm resolve and joyous heart.
He made up his mind to go right home, scare the old folks,
marry Sally, buy a farm, raise poultry, sell eggs, and have things to eat in
plenty.

The maiden knew her long lost love
 With heart o'er flowed and beating;
 With rapturous joy and fairy tread
 She bounced out into the yard, and when about ten paces
 off—"Oh Billy" said she—"Oh Sally" said he, and then * * * * * oh!
 Cracky! was there e'er such a meeting!!!

They wedded on that very night
 Like all true men of knowledge,
 And now the subject's in my mind
 I think I can recognize some of their numerous descendants
 among the prim Freshmen of our time-furrowed, much-honored, far-re-
 nowned, highly-reverenced and deeply-learned College.

PLUS.

THE ELOQUENCE OF DECAY.

There is an eloquence, unutterable by human tongue, whose influence stirs the heart. An eloquence that rolls not in the thunders of Demosthenes—dazzles not in the brilliancy of Cicero—delights not in the beauties of Homer—charms not in the witching strains of melody. An eloquence that speaks in the falling leaf, the crumbling ruin, the frosted hair, the failing mind, and in "*the last sigh of the Moor*,"—the "Eloquence of Decay."

Spring robes the earth in verdure. The lilies of the field put on their beautiful array. The forest, clad in its leafy mantle, smiles. The heavenward soaring lark ushers in the morning with his merry carol,

"the soft'ning air is balm,
 And every sense, and every heart is joy."

But lo! all is changed. The earth is swept by the chilling blasts of autumn that moan sadly through the leafless forest, The heathflower lies withered on the hill, and the red leaf, quivering on the spray. The wasted field is deserted by the gleaner, and the sun gilds the grey mountain brow with his parting ray. "'Tis the year's eventide." A voice whispers to the saddened heart, Decay has wrought this change.

A mighty city rears its massive walls and frowning battlements, bidding defiance to the hand of time. Within, rises the

Temple with its ponderous gates, seeming to mock at the prophecy; "*the time shall come, when there shall not be left, in thee, one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down.*" The pride of Isreal, Queen of the East! Where now her glory? The eagle has stooped upon his prey. Her stately monuments and towers lie in ruins.

— "desolation o'er her grass-grown streets,
Expands her raven wings, ——— and thro' the hoary weeds,
That clasp the mould'ring column, ———
Hisseth the gliding serpent."

In her deserted palaces, the hooting owl wakens a doleful echo, oppressing the spirit with dreary loneliness. Decay sits brooding over the dismal waste.

Behold a nation in the zenith of its glory. Upon the wheels of Fortune, it rolls onward to dominion. The sun of prosperity sheds his beams upon its path, and its power seems rooted "firm as the everlasting hills."

Greece, the land of heroes, the home of Freedom, the cradle of Science, seemed founded upon a rock of adamant. The world paid homage to her greatness. Remote nations felt the power of her arm, and owned her empire. Peerless she stood in the majesty of might, unrivaled and invincible. Again we behold her, but how changed!

"Her temples, toils imperial, arts divine,
In wither'd laurels, glide before the sight,
The melancholy ghosts of dead renown."

Greece, down-trodden and desolate, utters tones that fall like a blight upon the heart.

Rome, the mother of nations, the mistress of the world, sway'd the sceptre of universal dominion. Europe lay humbled at her feet—her eagle flew over vanquished Asia and the burning sands of Africa. The world yielded her allegiance, and acknowledged her as its sovereign. Ages glide away, and Rome,

— "she who was named eternal, and array'd
Her warriors but to conquer—she who veil'd
Earth with her haughty shadow, ———
— and was Almighty hail'd,"

lies prostrate in the dust. Chaotic ruin marks her narrow bounds. Again, a silent monitor breathes to the soul with startling eloquence. Decay is at his work. Kingdoms and thrones

the mighty of the earth, must fall beneath his destroying hand. Thus nations pass away. Greece and Rome are wasted to a shadow.

But Decay speaks with a deeper eloquence when man is his victim. A ruddy boy chases the butterfly through the flowery mead, and laughing gleefully crushes the gay-winged insect in his tiny hand. The hue of health tinges his cheek, joy sparkles in his eye. Gay hope, by fancy led, builds airy castles. The spirit, pure and free, is unclouded by care. Body and mind are replete with vigor.

Years pass. Light-hearted youth has given place to sober manhood—the slender form, to the stalwart frame—gay baubles and roving fancy, to studied thought, and the stern realities of life. The man stands forth, in strength and mental energy, the acknowledged lord of Nature. What can unnerve his powerful arm—dim the lustre of his flashing eye—soften the tones of his commanding voice—or restrain the impulse of his mind.

Again years pass away. An aged man stops by the wayside to rest his weary limbs. With trembling hand he wipes his furrowed brow. His staff scarcely supports his tottering frame, and his thin silver locks and sunken eye mark the ravages of fourscore winters. His enfeebled mind toys with childish fancies. Memory has turned traitor, and he, whose genius might once have ruled a nation, himself now needs a keeper. Body and mind are verging to the grave. How sad the change! Withered age has a voice whose low, solemn accents sink into the soul as a warning from the tomb.

Such is the fate “that flesh is heir to.” Thus man, and all his works, pass away with the declining years, “like shadows o’er the plain.” Decay, the universal monarch, in silent, but resistless eloquence, proclaims his sovereignty, and as then obtest monuments of time fall beneath his wasting sceptre, the heart, in mournful contemplation, ponders the lessons of mortality.

DREAMS..

I dreamt that thy bright eyes were bent
Upon that simple note,
Their wealth of light and life was spent
On the words of love I wrote.
But thy face was wreathed with triumphal smiles
That another heart had been snared by thy wiles.
That another stern will bowed before thy proud form,
And quailed like the bending reed before the fierce storm.

I dreamt again—that thy curled hair
Drooped over that truthful sheet,
O'er the words of love were written there,
The heart laid at thy feet.
And thy clenched hand dashed the letter down
With the heart whose every thought was thine own,
And thy proud face was all paled with scorn
For the love that thou would'st ne'er return.

Once more I dreamt—fast flowing tears
Were falling upon that sheet,
The words of love—the hopes—the fears
The heart laid at thy feet,
And close to thy heart was the letter prest
Close, closer yet to thy heaving breast,
And thy quivering lips spoke the loved one's name
And thy happy soul granted all he durst claim.

I dreamt—and methought I kneeling gazed
In eyes love-lit and clear,
And poured the tale of the love thou'd raised
Into thy willing ear.
And thy drooping head lay as still on my breast
As if thou would make it thy lasting rest,
And my 'wilder'd soul was thrilled with bliss
As I pressed thy lips in that long dream-kiss.

Oh! would I had some Saga's rune
Some wizard's charm or spell,
A waving wand would summon soon
Some spirit messenger to tell,
Whether wicked smiles wreathed thy beaming eyes
Because thou had'st gained another prize,
Or scorn knit thy brow 'neath thy clust'ring hair
Or joy in love's new life lay sunny there.

MARTIN LUTHER.

No observer of occurrences that are taking place in the world ; and no attentive reader of history can fail to be impressed with the intimate connection that exists between certain events and measures, that loom largely in the retrospect of the past, and the men through whose agency such results were achieved. There is such a blending of actor and action : of instrument and effect : of man and measure, that it seems impossible to separate them. Circumstances so make the man, and man so shapes and controls circumstances, that we cannot properly understand the one without studying it through the medium of the other. It is on this account that certain names, and the scenes in which they figured, become so continually associated together that the mention of the one always suggests the other. Such persons have so much to do in moulding and giving tone to society, while on the stage of action, that a history of their lives is to a great extent, a history of the times in which they lived. And the converse of this also true. There cannot be a correct portraiture of the times in which such master spirits swayed their authority, without recognizing and setting in a strong light, the individual characters engaged. Even if this be not designedly done yet through the one we accurately read the other. If we understand the man and the occasion we unconsciously anticipate results, ere we have traced intermediate causes and relations, or if we know results, as if by impulse we form our ideas of the principal actors. But no important crisis ever arrives when great truths are to be defended, or great abuses to be remedied ; when great revolutions are to be brought about in the political, social or moral condition of the world, without bringing to the surface of society some particular man whose distinguishing qualities designate him as the presiding genius of the movement ; who controls and gives character to the whole : whose will is law, whose wish is a command ; about whom others revolve, and from whom they rejoice to receive light. These positions are most strikingly illustrated in the events, which mark an era, yielding perhaps to no other in the world's history, in its thril-

ling occurrences and in its immediate and remote effects. We refer to the Reformation in Germany and the agency of Martin Luther. Who ever hears of the one without instantly thinking of the other? How unnatural and impossible to treat of the one without giving a full account of the other. To obtain definite views of the spirit of the Reformation we must understand the character of Luther. To comprehend and appreciate Luther's character, we must have clear views of the important scenes in which he was so prominent an actor. To contemplate them separated, is to view a panorama regardless of light and shade—to gaze upon the rainbow without noticing its colors. For fifteen centuries the light of Christianity had been shining with various degrees of brightness in the world. Before its pure and melting rays the gloomy mists that had for ages enveloped the minds of men disappeared, and the serene light of the gospel spread over the civilized nations. The triumph of Truth seemed secure. Gentle in the means it employed and apparently weak in its origin, it prevailed against deep rooted superstition, bitter persecution and the most deadly devices of malicious enemies. But danger threatened where it was little apprehended. While the votaries of the new system of truth were poor and despised, its progress was healthy and rapid—untarnished by the contaminations of evil. But after it had gained favor a visible union was formed between its members. "A church was founded beside the throne of the Caesars." For a while it shone like a city set upon a hill. The influence radiating from it was pure and beneficent. But soon the same haughty spirit which had manifested itself in military and political Rome crept into and infected the church. Deference on the part of sister churches glided into dependence. The bishop of Rome occupied a position superior to all others. He was over a branch of the church whose centre was the greatest, the richest and the most powerful city in the world. Rome had long been conceded to be the seat of empire, the queen of cities, the mother of nations. "Why should not her pastor be king of bishops?" That deference which had been voluntarily conceded was now claimed as a right: instead of being an equal to counsel he must be a superior to command.

Others instead of maintaining their independence yielded to his control. Circumstances seemed to favor his encroachments. Power easily fell into his hands, and a hierarchy was now established more potent than any that had ever been known. Kings and Princes, tottering on their thrones, looked to him for protection. They conceded to Christian Rome superiority in spiritual matters, if she would secure to them their trembling sceptres. Rome intoxicated by her great power was now prepared to fall into the greatest abuses and errors. Those appointed to guard the spiritual welfare of men forgot their calling and became engrossed in worldly aggrandizement. However much it may shock the moral sense and challenge our credulity, the fact is familiar that the basest traffic was carried on with the souls of men—the future happiness or misery of man was claimed to be at the disposal of the supreme Bishop! The corruption and avarice of the priests knew no bounds. By successive steps, Rome had reached its culminating point. The cup of her abominations was full. Such a condition of things could not last. Man, though ignorant, depressed, and enslaved, was true to his better nature. The good feeling of mankind began to desire and clamor for reform. Indignation was excited. Men began to feel that they had been held back for ages from their high destiny. They began to shake off the lethargy that had long held them, and again to show signs of active life. Evidences that the darkness of ages was about to be removed, multiplied in every direction—in all classes of society. Society was ripe for a revolution. Every thing proclaimed it at hand. The aggregate tide of causes that led to it were now ready to sweep over the world bearing down everything that opposed its course. But who was the agent that should control the mighty movement? Who was equal to the task of directing in the proper channel, and to the proper end, the influences at work? Who was to be *the man for the occasion*? All felt that the resultant of the various forces then at work would depend essentially upon the man who was to guide and direct the whole. “The world was in expectation, Luther appeared.” As if by intuition conscious of his high powers; impressed with a correct idea of the responsibilities devolving

upon him, and of the high destiny he was to fulfil, he took his station at the head of the movement. With that quickness of perception that often characterises the masses as to men, he was instantly recognized as the man for the occasion; the need of whom had been felt; the one for whom the universal heart longed; the one whose commanding genius was to preside over the conflict—to lead on to battle and to victory. Never was public confidence more justly reposed. Never was man better fitted for such a crisis. To be the leader of a revolution, and especially of such a revolution as the world was then ready for, required quality of no ordinary mould, a character at once pre-eminent and symmetrical. The essential elements of such a character were to a remarkable degree combined in Luther. Others had severally displayed purity of motive, a comprehensive benevolence, wisdom, courage, firmness, perseverance, zeal, enthusiasm, faith in ultimate success. Here was a man combining all these traits in an eminent degree. His was the heart to devise and the will to execute. Fearing nothing from the world and relying on the support of Heaven, he was ever virtuous in his aims and honorable in his means. By nature sincere and earnest, having passed through a fiery ordeal of mental anguish and inward conflict, he came forth doubly faithful and purified from wordly ambition. Schooled in poverty and rocked in the cradle of adversity, and freed from every effeminacy and weakness, he was tempered for every trial that awaited him. Such was Luther as he went forth in the prosecution of his great work. And what a vast work was before him. How many difficulties and dangers beset his path. Yet engrossed with the great object of his mission,—incited by a zeal for right, with faith in ultimate success, he went forward exposing errors, denouncing abuses, refuting the sophistries of cunning men, scorning defying threats, dethroning error and corruption, and substituting in their stead Truth and Holiness. He moved forward in his resistless course like the sun in the heavens,—diffusing light, the source of activity and vivifying power, the centre about which all lesser light revolved. And when his day of life had passed, every where could be discerned illustrations of the fact that he had not lived and labored

in vain. Truth had been disseminated and brought into contact with the minds of men. Poisoned fountains had been cleansed. A fountain of healing had been opened.

The world can never over estimate the importance of the reformation to the well being of man; or be sufficiently grateful to Him "who doeth all things after the counsel of his own will," for raising up one so exactly fitted for the era in which he lived and the work for which he was designed. In this great reformation the distinctive principles of Christianity were re-established. Man, *the individual man*, was elevated and invested with that dignity and importance which belongs to him as his birth-right. The responsibilities devolving upon him as a man, and the relations to his fellow-man and to his Maker, were set in a clear light. That all men are creatures of a beneficent Creator, that in his sight souls are equal, that every one is responsible to him for his belief, and accountable to him for his conduct, that no man or set of men, have a right to place themselves between man and his Maker,—that such a disposition exercised by man over his fellow man is an unauthorized usurpation and characterized by heaven-daring presumption,—these are some of the truths re-established and invested with a vivifying power at the reformation. The individual man loosed from the shackles that had been imposed upon him, and recognizing now his responsibilities to God alone—everything that concerned him as a moral, intellectual and immortal being, must be free from all improper restraints. The bible, the revelation of God's will to man, must no longer be a closed book. Thus the purest system of morals, the example of the only perfect man, who ever trod our sin stained earth, and the sublimest and most inspiring and elevating yet conservative truths, were brought to exert their influence on the public mind. Under the influence of such truths and principles there must be progress quiet and tranquil it may be, yet healthy and rapid. And these principles and truths will continue to extend their elevating, regenerating and sanctifying power. The mighty impulse communicated to the cause of truth and right at the reformation is still working and will continue to work, till its effects are felt throughout the world. When the last battle between truth and

error shall have been fought, when the time yearned for by the longings of our better nature, the time described in poetry, foretold in prophecy and invoked in prayer shall have arrived, "when the wilderness shall bud and blossom as the rose," when the prophetic song of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," shall portray an actually existing state of things—then the grateful and adoring heart, as it views the intermediate causes and traces the successive steps by which this transposition shall have been brought about, will be attracted to, and rest upon the era of the reformation and the great agent in that reformation, MARTIN LUTHER.

THE INFLUENCE OF A COUNTRY'S PHYSICAL ON ITS NATIONAL CHARACTER.

The difference in the physical character of countries, is not the least among a variety of causes that may be assigned for the great diversity which we observe among the nations of the earth.

There is not an object in nature, from the dew-drop on the trembling leaf, to Niagara's sea-flood thundering upon the rocks, from the atom borne away on the zephyr of Summer, to the unequalled Hymalayan pile, unmoved by the tempests of ages, that is not eminently suggestive and calculated to arouse the mind to activity and thought.

Nature presents to man the outlines of a vast picture, which it has ever been his aim to clothe and beautify with the imagery of his own fancy. Thus the Arcadian shepherd as he mused in the shade of Pharrasion, conceived the idea of him for whom others reared celestial abodes on the "snowy" heights of Olympus. Inspired by the sacred silence of his almond groves, the Hindoo raises his impersonate deity above the turmoil of life, to the regions of undisturbed repose. The Norman, brave and resolute by battling with the storms that ever howled among his

mountains, as he beheld the robe of winter spread over his native land, and the morning hoar frost jewelling his forests of fir, imagined his mighty Odin dwelling in crystal palaces, amid the treasures of the eternal snow. And in our Western world

"Lo the poor Indian whose untutored mind,
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind."

Every hill and dale of the land of the muses, as they awakened the mind to a sense of some pervading principle, in the scenes of beauty which they afforded were peopled with Graces, and Nymphs possessing forms and characters suggested by the seat of their fairy empire. When these creations of the imagination became the objects of faith, the wildest conjectures as to the extent of their influence, can scarcely fall short of the reality. The Grecian youth who left his cottage home, and bent his steps along some favorite path, crossed no stream in his wandering but in the distance the forms of Naiads were vanishing like mist from his eager sight; no mountain burst upon his view, but on its sides troops of guardian Oreades were threading their mazy dance. In the morning's hazy dawn the Northman saw Valkyrs clothed in white, with ringlets streaming in the air, flying over earth and sea, on shadowy steeds, from whose manes hail showered upon the mountains, and dew settled in the vales.

But few minds are more susceptible of the influence of natural scenery, and therefore more impressed or moulded by the physical character of a country than the poet's. Nature is the very soul of the poet. The beauties of withering Autumn, Spring's boundless blush of mingled blossoms, and Nature's bright colorings on the evening sky fill his fancy with delight. The rush of torrents over mountain rocks, and even the roar of the Ocean in his fiercest rage, sound as sweet music to his ear. Hence we may tell why Homer had no home. The world was too full of beauty to remain unknown to him. He must listen to the strains of melody that float in the breezes of Arisba's groves, he must muse at the fountains that spring from the bosom of Larrissa, he must bare his forehead to the blasts that hurl their fury on the steeps of Pangeus, he must revel amid the matchless scenes of the Egean and Ionian Isles, and even gaze on the plains of

"far off" Italy. The deep toned notes of Old Ossian's lyre first broke forth in the wild solitary magnificence of Glencoe. It was among the serried hills of Roxburgh, and the pastoral scenes of Lanark that Scott and Thomson caught the inspiration that wreathed their brows with the laurels of fame. There is a chord strung by some power divine reaching from the poet's heart to every human soul. He strikes no note but its echo resounds in the bosom of his fellow. The characters around whose very faults the muse casts its halo of perfection become the great exemplars which fire the ambition of youth. The ideal Achilles made the real heroes of Granicus and Marathon, and doubtless in a similar manner many champions in the moral and political worlds have been created.

But the direct effect of Nature's various forms on mankind may be traced with still greater certainty. Its influence is felt like an enchantment affecting the whole being. The spirit seems to go out from its habitation to hold communion with the air, earth and sky, and returns with an impression which shall be lasting as eternity. The first glance of his craggy highlands imbues the Scottish boy with a spirit which never brooks oppression. It requires not the acumen of a philosopher to tell why the Swiss are so unlike their Italian neighbors. Their very mountains seem to spurn the earth on which they stand, and soar away to heaven as if they would be free, and not an echo flies through their ravines, but carries an aspiration for liberty.

The same influence is felt powerfully in our own beloved land. Here is activity, energy, freedom. We see them in every running stream, we hear them in the breezes that sweep along our hills, we behold them in her rolling plains of Western verdure. If the orator of olden time, incited his countrymen to deeds of noble daring by picturing before their minds the petty members of a Grecian confederacy, with what feelings and aspirations should we contemplate the grand divisions of our republic, the jewels in the diadem of our national glory. Verily more exalted motives, principles and aims, should govern the heart of every American, than ever animated an Athenian

or Roman. Wonderful indeed has been the scene which our history has already presented to an admiring world. Before it was thought the seed had burst its casement, rich, golden fruit is plucked from bending boughs, and the "leaves of the tree" of liberty "are for the healing of the nations." The very vastness of our country's extent almost precludes a proper conception of its greatness. Gradually however, vague wonderings give way to that defined admiration, that enthusiastic love, which is the foundation of disinterested, noble action.

THE CURSE OF MIDNIGHT.

A deeper blackness and a ghostly voice
Bespeak the presence of the Middle Night.

Lonely Lamp!

I walk the world with a tempest tramp.
Thou hast seen my robe
Like a pall upon the pulseless globe.
Thou hast seen my raven locks flung wild,
And ruin in my path up-piled!
Thou hast heard my blind hurrah
As I knew that fear was curdling near,
Hearts faint at my gaping maw.

Lonely Lamp!

I have a dearer spell,
Thou hast seen at the voice of my magic shell,
The horned Moon commence
Her voyage thro' the blue immense.
Thou hast seen the stars
Ride forth upon their pearly cars,—
The Titan shadows stalk
And sentinel the forest walk,—

The air

Grow faint with the odors pressing there,
And beauty like a dreaming thing
O'er all her web of fancies fling.

Lonely Lamp!

Thou hast known my royal power.
I had a foe—'twas Sleep,
With dagger terror—long and deep—

I conquered him in his cherished keep!
I had a foe—'twas Care,
I slew him as he breathed the air
Of freighted moonbeams soft and rare!
I had a foe—'twas Pleasure,
In the storm-fiend's wildest, maddest measure,
His breath gave forth its living treasure!
I had a foe—'twas Guilt.
I murdered him with the blood he spilt!
For I traced with his reeking dagger's hilt
Remorse on the dreams his Fancy built.

Lonely Lamp!

I have yet another foe,
When my storms ride forth with their wildest blow;
When I rock the world
With my trampling foot, with my flag unfurled:
Thy quivering spar
Defiant points where the day gods are!
Thou darest, when I choose to bind man's sight,
To point with thy finger of chiseled light
To a realm beyond his mortal night!

Disease and care

Shall come from thee to the brave and fair!
Poverty, Want, and baffled Hope,
Beneath thy dimming rays shall cope!
Phrensy shall visit thee!
Ambition corrode, and Pleasure flee!
Spectres that speak of the past;—
Of fondled things too bright to last—
Of Childhood's happy hour—
Of Home's joy-peopled bower—
Of friends and fancies fled—

At thy shivering feet shall crowd and tread!

Lonely Lamp! Lonely Lamp!

Thy pride shall fade in my chilling damp!"
—But naught can turn the quivering spar,
For it silently tells where the day god are,
And naught that finger of chiseled light.
For it points to a realm beyond the night.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

By the quick passage of those human events which mark the course of time, we are at last aroused to a consciousness of the fact that but a small part of our labor is finished, when we have collected the several essays which compose the "Monthly," and that we are yet expected to write the "Editor's Table." This may be defined, according to the best authority—viz: that of experience, to be a sort of serio-comico-absurdo-ridiculoso-laughable-oh'-so! "gossip with Readers." Now in our individual and social capacity we are always ready enough to gossip with some garrulous old lady, who never expects, and certainly never permits her endless stories of "old times," to be interrupted by a word, however dexterous may be the attempt to slip one in "edgewise;" or with some talkative old gentleman, whose humor needs not the check of useless assent or dissent, and whose continuous stream of talk may perhaps repay one for the trouble of *fishing for "cutes"* in its waters; and no one can "draw up" with more heart felt joy to the blazing fire of some sociable friend, nor listen more quietly to the gossip of those whose voluble "gift o' gab," and remarkable powers of embellishment, transfix us with astonishment and please us out of envy; nay—we are by no means averse to chatting with a young lady, (provided she be at least moderately pretty,) if she will carry on more than her share of the conversation, and allow our part to be eked out by nods and becks—and—and so forth. But "gossiping with Readers!" doing all the "talk" for your especial benefit and amusement! We "couldn't think" of such a thing. Our modesty forbids. Were not our ink "*Black's best*," and the "*best black*" we should expect it to blush at the very idea! Shades of departed and defunct Editors! how did you ever do it? What muse inspired you? What divinity assisted you? Alas! we have ascended the "tripod" and the "table" is before us whereon the mystic leaves (we had "just as lief" leave them out!) are waiting for the oracle. The inspiration comes not! The "afflatus" (by no means, call "us" a flat on this account,) is wanting!! Not an idea!!!—The application whereof is—that "in view of all these circumstances, as the old "dominie" says after his "lastly"—you subscribers to the Nassau Lit., (for we take it for granted that no one will read it unless he is a subscriber, and certainly not before paying for it,) should lay on our Editorial back the lash of your critical scourge very lightly. What more can mortal man do than "try," and we are sure we have been "tried" enough.

In the dismal weather of the past month, courteous Reader, you may find a reason for our want of inspiration. The muse of wit don't fancy wetting the silken wings and fairy plumage, which constitute her substitute for the usual feminine "petite habits," and probably (like our unlucky selves) has lent i. e., lost her umbrella, (which, by the way, we wish the borrower—we mean of ours, and not of the muse's—would return to the Sanctum; we venture

to promise him the thanks of posterity, at least of a part of it,) and dare not venture out without it. But in regard to the weather, (tho' we have no especial regard for such weather,) one is almost forced to the conclusion, that there must be some "*μίασμα* *Χώρας ἀνημέστερον*," of which our *Ἰσχυρὸν*, εὐρὺς Φάσιν ἂν νιψαὶ καθαγιστῇ τὴν δὲ γῆν and so there is an especial flood. Would we knew the Oedipus whose pollution needed so much washing! We think he would be soon ejected "feeling his way with his staff," and probable with other peculiar physical feelings. Bright days and fair skies we never expect to see again. The past is fast becoming a mere memory of falling water, the present is merged in the consciousness of a shower worse than Southey's cataract of Lodore, while the future is the expectation of another North-Easter. In fact our situation can be described by the geographical description of an island—we are "surrounded by water." We are saturated, hydrated and really fear lest we should, on the first fair day, be evaporated with our bad humor. Would we be "mis(t)sed?" We came very near getting a dip a few nights since in a very irregular manner, but owing to the high ratio between the ordinates and abscissas of our "personal equation," it proved to be only what Hydropathists (how they must luxuriate in such weather,) would call the "foot-bath," accompanied by the "Douche." We came back to our lonely room in a growling mood, and sat by our half-smothered fire, and by a peculiar sort of association, as "*lucus a non lucendo*," we thought how differently the evening might be spent—we thought of gay rooms, brilliant with bright lights and sparkling with brighter eyes—nimble feet dancing, and voice answering voice in joy, we compared the exhilaration of that life that would then

"Throb, bubble, sparkle, laugh and leap along—"

in every vein to the hum-drum quiet of a wet evening at College, to the manifest disadvantage of the latter. We remembered places and times when we would have been "no one else and no where else for worlds," and we turned rather sorrowfully and certainly very chillily to our "leader." Shame on the hard-hearted wretch that can laugh at any poor Freshman or Sophomore for being home-sick at such a time, as if it were a crime for one to wish to be happy.

We have been favored by a much esteemed friend with the perusal of a Satire written for a class graduated here some twenty years ago. Its sarcasm and pungent wit has pleased us so much, that we venture to make a few extracts. We do not doubt that in this little College world of ours, even as in its prototype the "wide, wide world," there may yet be found characters whom a satire tho' written years ago, will lash with a sting as acute as that of those for whom it was immediately intended, and should there be any such, we can only assure them that we are beating the air with a borrowed "rod of rhymes," and if any one gets "hit," it is their own fault for standing in the way.

The commencement of the piece shows the author's drift instantly.

"Hard is the task in these degenerate times
To lash the blockhead with a rod of rhymes,
Make verse, fair vixen, musically scold,
And College Politics to metre mould."

After scourging severely several members of the Class, he "tries his hand" at praise in the following felicitous manner, which, it may be presumed, was duly appreciated by the unfortunate "subject."

"Thou muse of Elegy! who ply'st thy trade
In flowers of gauze, and glories ready make,
Come! for my * * needs thee; Come! but bring
A bunch of praises underneath thy wing.
Mix up like modern novels if you can
The "sine labe monstrum" of a man
Let truth, wit, honor all his soul compose,
And *lug in squeaking virtue by the nose*.
In vain on Eulogy I call! in vain!
The goddess smiles in mock'ry and disdain,
E'en his best friends take no defensive part
But turn the topic with an awkward art."

We wish we had space to give the character then allotted to him. Next comes a character too indigenous to College soil for its ever wanting several fine specimens.

"There's * * loquacious as a nurse,
Tells ten bad stories to bring 'round a worse,
His studied jests from merry Mathews draws
Entraps a laugh and poaches for applause;
Dull when he ponders, lucky in a hit,
The very "sal volatile" of wit."

Another martyr is thus "served up" at this general "Auto da Fe."

"* * the back road to distinction takes,
And at the fount of "general knowledge" slakes
His thirst; not he indeed will "poll" a "prop"
In Euclid or in Fluxions—there's his stop—
But if he has no *taste for Mathematics*,
Does it then follow that he's none for *Classics*?
Yet praise where praise is due the muse shall give,
The man has merit but 'tis negative.
The passive valour of a patient mind
And Jack-ass meekness in his soul we find,
The *vis inertiae* too he may inherit,
And "not to be a scoundrel" has its merit."

We have no doubt that he would have gladly disposed of that "property" of matter which composed part of his "inheritance," if he is the same who is afterwards characterized thus,

"At balls he's so dapper a dancer
The misses, they find him so handy
For though heavy in head
As a plummet of lead,
He jumps like a Jack-a-dandy.

Pray heaven—he never may tumble

Whilst dancing away for a wife, Sir,
Should he get a capsizè
How the deil could he rise,
He must lie on his head all his life, Sir."

We ferrently hope that no such catastrophe may occur at the approaching exhibition of the Terpsichorean propensities of any of our fellow students, on the evening of Commencement day.

The witty censor seems next to have caught a "brace of curs" who, though dissimilar in character, yet "hunted in couple," and who—

"Had made a promise solemn and absurd,
And in a freak of honor kept their word.
Thus as by shaking, oils and acids mix,
So they are joined by universal kicks!"

We cannot refrain from giving one more quotation, which evinces a talent which would fit the author for "operations" upon a more dignified "materiel" than the squabbles of College Life.

Envy! the bitt'rest curse to human minds!
Toil is her rest, in virtue vice she finds—
Admiring merit, him who has it hates,
While malice, plot, and murder are her mates,
From her keen fang nor town nor temple save
She tugs at thrones and violates the grave.

Commend us to so clever a writer as the Satirist of 1823.

In glancing over our exchanges we are struck with a remark in the Editor's table of the Yale Lit. for February. We had been surprised in reading some of its articles to find an evident "falling" from its former "high estate"—in fact it was decidedly the poorest of all the Yale Lits. we had ever seen, both in matter and manner. Judge then of our astonishment when we find the same Editor claiming for his Magazine (including, of course, his own peculiar property the Feb. No.) the supremacy over all College Magazines—they all "being content with half the number of pages, poor type, paper, &c." We cannot allow so shameful an exhibition of egotism to pass unnoticed. As to the typography of the Yale Lit.—to say nothing of the Nassau Lit. we can point him for only one instance to the Randolph Macon—the execution of which was never equalled by any Yale Lit. ever published. As to the number of its pages—let him remove from any volume the Essays by the Faculty and Graduates and let him see how its "fair proportions would be curtailed" and how it would be as "shrivelled and shrunken" as a man recovering from a long fever. As to its matter—with those essays removed, we are not afraid to "pit" against the choicest of its volumes, any volume of our Magazine. Our pages are not filled up to a bulky form with the musty antiquarian researches of some prosy professor—nor are they a field for the exhibition of the talent of Graduates. They are intended to bring out and assist College talent alone and in this capacity we maintain it is by no means inferior to the Yale Lit. But, Brother Editor of the Feb. No, for your honor, you should have left to others, whose labors would have

better deserved it, the task of puffing your own Lit. Remember that it needed all the genius of a Kit North to make his egotism and his pride in his "Maga" at all bearable. Your vaunt would have come with far better grace from either of the two Editors that have followed you, for their No.'s can almost (we can yield you no farther) make your chance and unlucky boast true.

We can only apologize for the late appearance of this No. by laying the whole blame upon the Editor of the last. We sincerely hope that he may be able to survive the mingled storm of indignation and wrath which has been poured on his devoted head by every subscriber whom the present Corps of Editors has "dunned." Correspondents are hereby informed that all contributions not inserted will be passed over to our successor, who, we dare predict will sit in judgment upon them with perfect impartiality. In closing our already too lengthened gossip, we can only say to those who have been disappointed of their usual quantity of laughter-provoking puns and witticisms, that our motto is the advice of Festus to the Student—"Let that thou utterest be of nature's flow, not art's; a fountain's not a pump's." To those who have stretched their consciences far enough to be pleased with what we have written we give our hearty thanks—and to all who have taken the trouble to read through the Table, the best wishes of one, who though always their friend, is no longer the

EDITOR.

EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges, the North Carolinian University, the Randolph Macon, the Yale Literary and Georgia University Magazine. This No. will serve, in answer to the kind inquiry of the latter Magazine after the health of the Nassau Lit, to give an ocular demonstration of its continued existence.

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